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YALE LYRICS

EDITED BY

SAMUEL NEWMAN POND '89

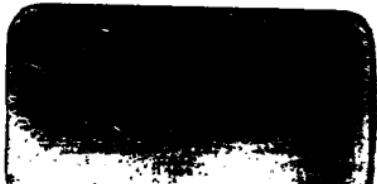
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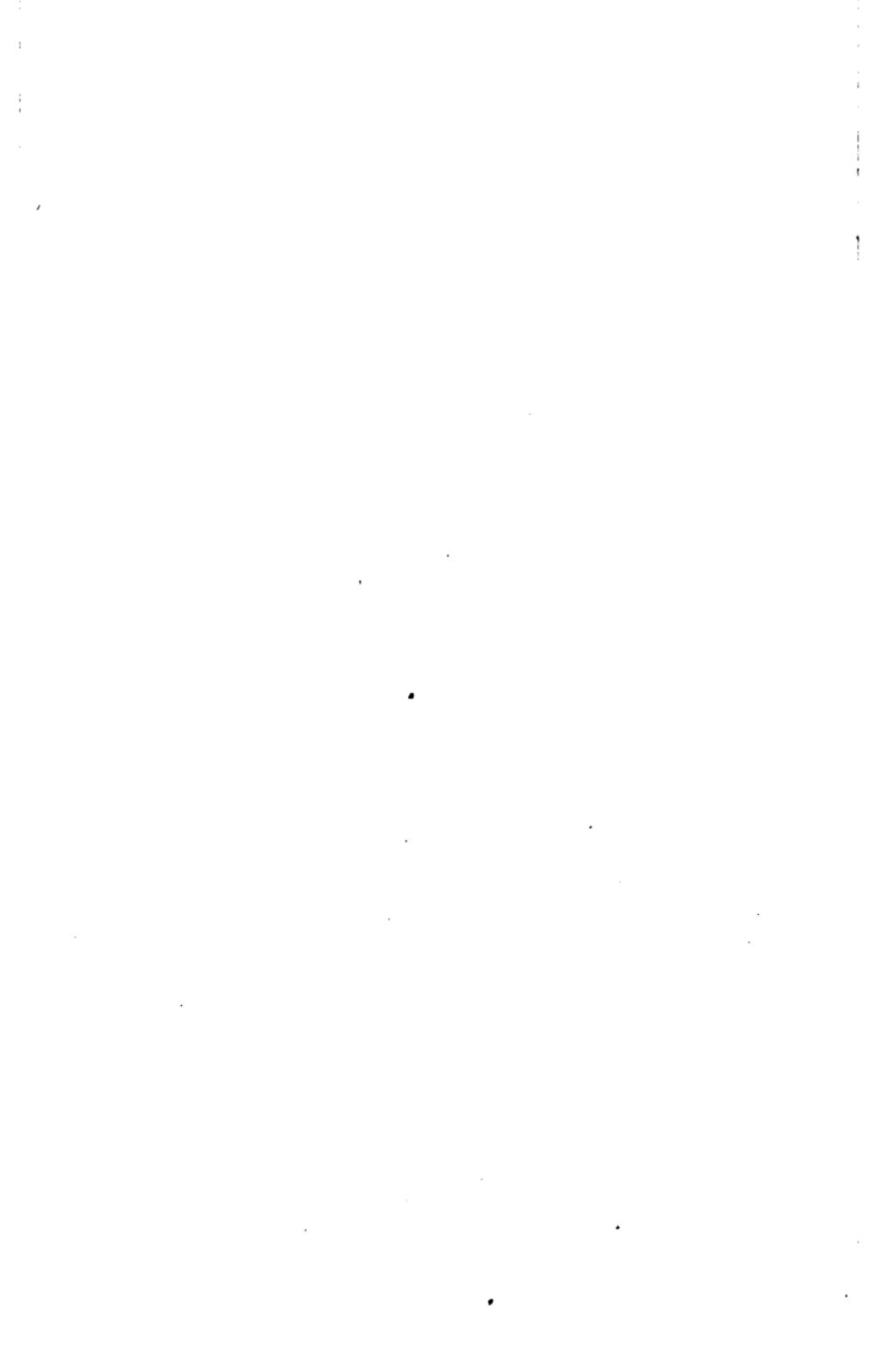


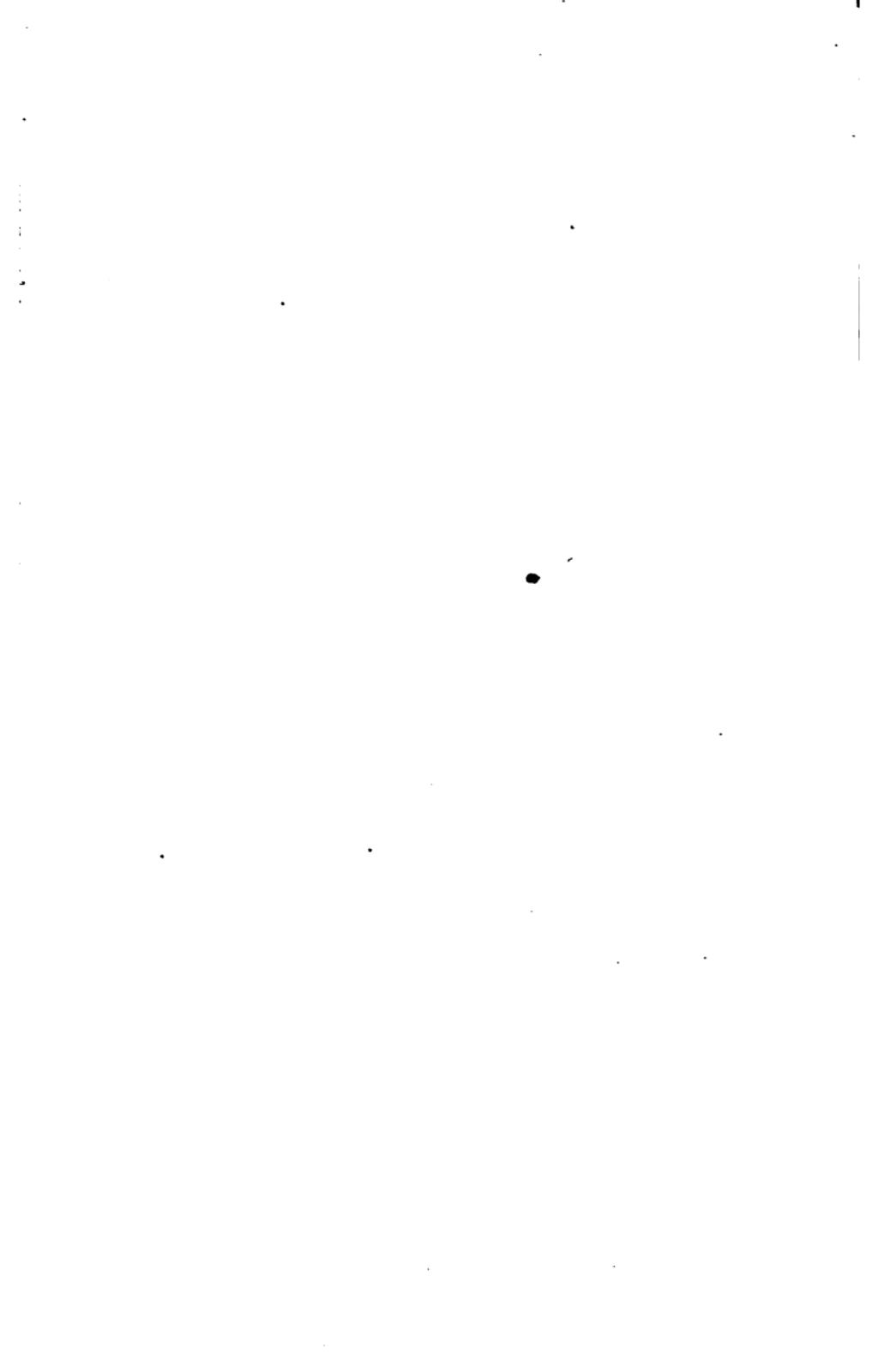
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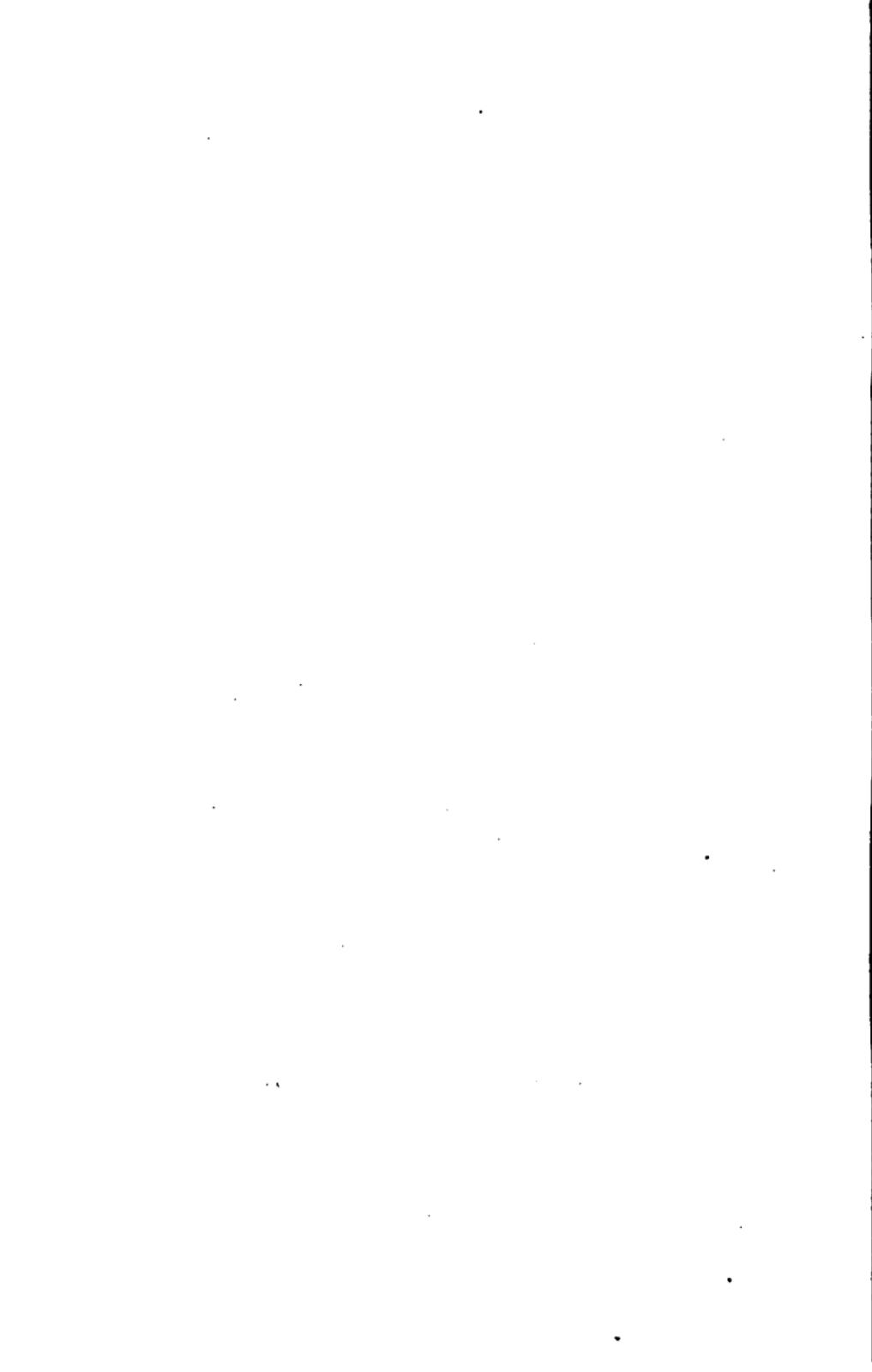
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OF CAMBRIDGE













YALE LYRICS

A COLLECTION OF VERSES FROM
THE UNDERGRADUATE PUB-
LICATIONS OF YALE
UNIVERSITY



1885-1889

EDITED BY

SAMUEL NEWMAN POND, '89



CAMBRIDGE
printed at the Riverside Press
1889

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PREFACE.

IN offering to the public a collection of college verse the editor is well aware that he is not alone in the field. The excellent compilation of Mr. Whitney and Mr. Durand has met with such well-deserved success that the editor has been led to believe that another volume of Yale poems of a somewhat later period might meet with a favorable reception.

Though recent years have disclosed no college poet who could be ranked with Mr. Stedman, Mr. Sill, and a few others, there are, no doubt, many younger writers whose verses are far too good to lie unnoticed by the general public in the pages of college periodicals.

It will be noticed that none of the selections herein presented date back more than four years. This limitation has been set in the belief that the undergraduate poetry of to-day will, in general, rank above that of preceding years; and also with the purpose that this volume may be a true exponent of the work

of the present "college generation," if such a term may be used. Files of the *Lit.*, *Courant*, and *Record* have been thoroughly searched, and the editor has endeavored to glean only the best from their pages. Owing to the limitations of this volume much that was meritorious has of necessity been omitted.

Finally, it has been the editor's desire and aim to make the collection as widely representative and as varied in character as possible. That such it will appear to all critics is more than he dares to hope, yet he can only ask for kindly consideration wherein he has succeeded, and pardon wherein he has failed.

SAMUEL NEWMAN POND.

NEW HAVEN, CONN., *May*, 1889.





YALE LYRICS.

I.

EVENTIDE.



Like a bride in white
The mist is rising on the stream;
 Into the arms of night
It melts like a wakening dream.
The mist is rising on the river,
And, peeping through, the stars a-glimmer.

Like a winding sheet
The mist is spreading there and here,
 As soft as muffled feet
About a deafened, dead man's bier.
The mist has risen on the river,
And, hollow-eyed, the stars a-quiver.

Henry L. May.



II.

TO A ROSE PLUCKED FROM VIRGIL'S TOMB.



ROSE, here in my hand I hold,
And with a tender touch enfold
Thy lifeless form !
How yon dark-curtained sun doth
grieve !
No life-pearls now doth he receive
At dewy morn

Distilled from thine own love, and his
Who slept beneath, and was and is
Love's Royal Knight.
Oh, far from Virgil's tomb, will I
Thine image keep, and by and by
Read thee aright.

Bert F. Case.



III.

TO A FRIEND.



LAST eve at dusk a snow-flake fell,
And slowly, like an elfish wight
Abroad bent on some idle wander-
ing,

Sank softly down upon the pulsing wing of
night.

Chasing, oh, where ! Pray who may tell ?
And yet perchance, a-seek for that one flake,
What consolation though fair day should
break

To show thy quest,
Unknown, mid boundless fields of glittering
white ?

Last eve a soul at vesper's bell
Went swiftly as a prayer-thought might,
Dispatched by heart bowed low with suffering ;
Fled gently on up through the palling realms
of night,

Winging to Truth's strong citadel.
Yet when for thee a-search, one day shall
break

To fruitful quest, believe thou wilt awake
To know *her* blest,
Though sought mid myriad souls of hallowed
light.

Chester H. Keogh.



IV.

EVANESCENCE.

NOT fairer are the rosy hues of morning
Than youth's fond beauties glowing
in thy cheek,
Nor eyes of angels ever smile more softly
Than those thy soul-thoughts speak.
Yet dream not that these charms can last forever,
Nor in ephemeral graces place thy trust,
For that bright gem upon thy bosom sparkling
Will shine when thou art dust.

George H. Danforth.



v.

TWO PICTURES.

I.



SING a Saxon fair.
 Enid ; — her tresses rare
 In sunlit clusters lie.
 The pleading in her eyes,
 Soft as Italian skies,
 Says, “ Love me, or I die.”

II.

A dusky maiden now,
 Zillah. Her haughty brow
 Defiance flings: She cries,
 With her eyes’ enchanting flash,
 From ‘neath her curling lash,
 “ Who loves me not, he dies.”

T. E. Ripley.



VI.

THE CHURCHYARD.

 USHED haunts of hallowed memo-
 ries, to me
 Thy solitude is rare Companion-
 ship ;
 Thy every rustling leaf, a trembling
 lip
 Whisp'ring a Century's silent sympathy.
 Here springs the unimpassioned thought ;
 here, free
 From petty hopes and hates and harassings,
 The soul its flight to loftier prospect wings,
 Till earth doth dwindle, and Eternity
 Dwells on the staggering sense : O mystery !
 At moments o'er the shuddering spirit sweeps
 The vision of its mighty destiny,
 And then earth's stupor — and the God-like
 sleeps !
 Oft at thine eloquence my slow heart leaps,
 Mute marble lips, and hence I sing to thee.

Francis T. Brown.

VII.

GOLGOTHA, PLACE OF A SKULL.



OLGOTHA, place of a skull !
 Not thy glory alone, not the rain
 Of a light divine and terrible ;
 Not the quake of a shuddering earth
 That threatened to reel from the shaken pole ;
 Nor the heavens rolled like an ashen scroll,
 And roar of the fear-stricken clouds that woke
 An echo amid the distant spheres,
 Till the chime of ethereal chords was broke,
 With a wailing of sighs and tears ;

Not for the storm, but the lull
 And after-peace that followed the pain
 Of torturing ; not a crown of thorns,
 But a crown of glory that lay around
 His head low-bowed upon His breast
 As though it waited to be blest, —
 Not for the raging storm, but the lull,
 We love thee and worship afar in tears,
 And wonder, O Golgotha, place of a skull,
 At a love that has conquered the years.

Hubert Wetmore Wells.

VIII.

MY LOVE IS BEYOND THE SEA.

 Y love is beyond the sea ;
 But each breeze that blows so free,
 And each foam-tipped crest, on the
 sea's fair breast,
 Bears a message of love to me
 From my love beyond the sea.

She 's been gone for many a day ;
 But the dew on the rose's cheek,
 Like the tear in her eye as she said good-
 bye,
 A message of love doth speak
 From my love so far away.

But my love will come back to me soon ;
 For last night as I stood on the sand,
 A turtle-dove gray, from the wind-swept bay,
 Came and lit on my outstretched hand,
 In the silvery light of the moon.

And I know that she 'll come back to me,
 For thrice to my hand came the dove,

And each time the bird spoke a single word,
And that word was the name of my love,
Of my love beyond the sea.

Lewis S. Haslam.



IX.

ON A FADED ROSE.

[FOUND AFTER THE PROM.]



OUR faded rose upon the stair,
I wonder who has left you there !
Say, was she young and full of
grace ?

Had she a merry, girlish face ?
What was the color of her hair ?

Sad, sad your lot, that far from where
She now is you in calm despair
Must die for loss of her embrace,
Poor faded rose.

And yet I envy you your share
Of what was once her fondest care.

Ah ! to have felt a little space
Those lips, I 'd gladly take thy place —
'T were life to die for one so fair,
Poor faded rose.

Harold A. Richmond.

X.

CHIVALRY.



ROM out the deep and soulless
gloom,
That His own hand could scarce re-
lume,

A voice was heard, as from a tomb,—
“For God and her !”

And straightway in that darksome time,
The kloster bells began to chime
In sweet, rare tones of song sublime,—
“For God and her !”

Athwart the gloom bright arms flashed light,
While on the lance he bore each knight
Inscribed these magic words of might,—
“For God and her !”

Then ghastly shadows fled away,
And through the darkness stole the gray
Of hope’s fair morning, and the day
For God and her.

And when at last within its tomb
The knight had swept the lingering gloom,
Achilles-like he faced his doom,
 For God and her.

The knight is gone ; but yet we see
Within best manhood, beating free,
The ancient heart of Chivalry, —
 “ For God and her ! ”

T. W. Buchanan.



XI.

A SONG OF THE DAYS.

I.

THE PICTURE.



EAUTIFUL tender eyes
 Suffused with a violet glow —
 Strips of blue from Italian skies
 Just deepened a shade or so.

Cheeks of a pale rare rose,
 Lips of a rosier red,
 Dark brown hair that languidly flows
 Over an exquisite head.

A speaking picture this
 Tojettian Apennine flower,
 Born on the vine-clad trellises
 And plucked in a happy hour

To brighten a darkened wall
 With innocent childish grace,
 And a mystic something that one might call
 The spirit-light of the face.

Strange that these Western skies
With their long, long winter time
Should deepen the depths of those soulful
eyes
Rare in a Southern clime.

Ah ! it is no surmise !
Look from your silent blue ;
Tell me none of your pretty lies, —
She has been smiling at you.

II.

THE ROBE OF THE DAYS.

When we parted she said, looking into my
face, —
“ The sweetest days of the year have fled,
And in my trembling hands I hold
A knot of ribbon, some cloth of gold,
Albeit only a shred from the beautiful robe of
the Days,
The robe of ethereal Days.”

“ It is woven of film so fine that only the
heart can trace
The measure and treasure of every line.
A little snatch from an old love song,
That fluttered into my breast and clung,

And was wholly, wholly mine, from the web-woven robe of the Days,
The robe of the beautiful Days."

"Or it may be that a thought from the silent and nebulous deeps
Of your soul has into my being wrought —
Into my being until it became
Of me and mine, and its subtle flame
Has glowed in a fibre of gold, in the wonder-wrought robe of the Days,
In the robe of the exquisite Days."

"Lo ! where the sunlight falls mockingly over the wall !
Is it a shadow, or do I trace
Tears in her eyes for this broken dream, —
Eyes that have watched us until they seem
A part of the beautiful shred that I caught
from the robe of the Days,
From the robe of the halcyon Days ? "

III.

APRIL SHOWERS.

The snows had melted from the ways
And bared the withered grass and leaves.
Warm rains from heaven's dripping eaves
Bade earth's sad bosom be at peace,

And stirred within the hearts of flowers
A longing for this world of ours.
Out of the dreamy meadow's deeps
At Nature's benedicite
The cowslips wakened with a sigh.
In crevices of rocky steeps
The lover wind sang lullabies
To all his sweet anemones.
Like opals lay the busy bees
Deep in the bloom of locust trees.
I sought the blue of Southern skies
And deeper blue of *Violet Eyes.*

IV.

SCATTERED CLOUDS.

When we parted she said, looking into my
face,—

“ The sweetest days of the year have fled; ”
But now she bowed her lovely head
And whispered, “ They have come again.”
Soft sunlight through the pane aslant
Fell on those depths of golden hair,
Lingered, then slowly passed to where
A pictured head of other days
Hung from the gilded cornices.

“ Our hearts are happy, *Violet Eyes !* ”

Hubert Wetmore Wells.

XII.

A SONNET.

S evening from the wings of darkness
falls,
And perfumed sweetness scents the
freighted air,
While peace and restfulness seem every-
where,
And even birds have stilled their happy calls,
I wander by the monastery walls.
And as I pass, by chance, more sweet and
fair
Than e'er before, the hymn that follows
prayer
Comes stealing to me and my sense entralls.

Strange that to me, who long have known
life's care
And long have battled in life's varying
strife,
Should come, with thoughts of lasting
peacefulness,
A longing vain to leave the world, and there,
Forgot by those without, to hide my life,
And there to die in calm forgetfulness.

Harold A. Richmond.

XIII.

THE FENCE.


 WHILE o'er the leafy elms, on every side,
 And o'er the old brick row, the shades of night
 With soft and dreamy quiet gently glide,
 And fade all things from our unconscious sight,
 Save those near faces gathered close in song
 Around the dear old fence, who then can fail
 To swell the grand old chorus, true and strong,
 That tells of life-long friendships formed at Yale ?

And so, as day rolled after day, for years
 The loyal hearts of Yale, when eve was come,
 Have gathered round this sacred spot, where tears
 Were lost and only joy could find a home.
 And when their ships sailed forth from 'neath
 the elms
 And on life's sea fought many a weary gale,

When storms were o'er they'd gladly turn
their helms
And anchor by the dear old fence at Yale.

With us who still do dwell beneath the shade
Of Yale's protecting, friendly, spreading
wing,
The heart-sweet memory of friendships made,
Around the fence as centre seems to cling.
As we would love some old and trusted friend
Our fathers knew and never knew to fail
In giving comfort others could not lend,
So do *we* love the dear old fence at Yale.

'T is not those rails by thoughtless Time so
worn
And scarred far more by ruthless sharpened
steel
Which stirs our hearts: that were a love for-
lorn
And blind as reasonless, nor could we feel
That deep affection, which we do protest
Should be considered somewhat of avail
To save that spot so full of mem'ries blest.
And this is why we love the fence at Yale.

Thomas G. Shearman.

XIV.

BESSIE ALLAIR.



BESSIE ALLAIR, do you never
think now
Of the days when we thought not of
care,
Of the little brown house on the hill's lofty
brow
When still you were Bessie Allair ?
You lived just over the way, I recall, —
Is the house there, I wonder, to-day ? —
Oft I watched for the glance that I treasured
o'er all
From the maiden from over the way.

I 'd steal in the morning when wakened from
sleep
Out to see if the day promised fair ;
Then oft I would see through the closed shut-
ters peep
The blue eyes of Bessie Allair.
The daisies have oft with their beautiful tide
Overflowed the fields since the day
When first your blue eyes charmed me close
to your side,
Sweet maiden from over the way.

My heart's fondest whispers a long time I
hushed,
And I dared not my passion declare,
Till I saw how one day at my coming you
blushed,
My blue-eyed, sweet Bessie Allair.
Your blushes foretold me of Cupid's approach,
As the dawn marks the coming of day,
And I knew that my ardor would meet no re-
proach
From the maiden from over the way.

As you sit by my side in the firelight's glow,
And your face is lit up by the flare,
The years of a sudden seem backward to flow,
And again you are Bessie Allair.
Your hair, that was gold as the heavens are
when
The sun sets in summer, is gray,
But you are to me now, as you were to me
then,
Just the maiden from over the way.

Charles Capron Marsh.

xv.

“ALLE:YT:GLITTERS:IS:NOTTE:GOLDE.”



ER:Eyes:her:Ueins:her:Bloode: was:
blve.
Her:Bankers:Chests:with:Lvcre:
freighted.
Her:Haire:one:solide:Massee:of:
Golde.
All:y:I'd:uowed:fore:we:were:mated.

Bvtte:Time:trvdged:on:Yovng:Cvpid:fled —
Alacke!Ye:Mayde:I:ouerrated.

Yt:Bank:accovnt:'t was:bvtte:a:Mythe.

&:e'en:her:Locks:I:fovnd:were:plaited.

Chester H. Keogh.



XVI.

TWO POEMS.



ESIDE a mountain stream
 They read, as in a dream
 A book of olden story,
 Of love and grief and glory ;
 The maiden's eyes were bright,
 With pity and delight,
 And strayed not from the book,
 E'en for a casual look,
 But read with lips apart
 The too entrancing tale
 That thrilled through all her heart.

“ Ah, well-a-day ! ” quoth he,
 “ Thy book's no book for me,
 The page I read is rarer,
 And tenderer and fairer ;
 For thine contains at best,
 Life's shadows, life's unrest,
 But mine contains all truth,
 All beauty and all youth,
 All lovely mysteries ;
 Leave books upon the shelf —
 My poems are thine eyes,
 My story is thyself.”

W. W. Campbell.

XVII.

ZAUBEREI.



OFT moonlight drifting through the
knotted boughs
Of the old orchard, where we sit
alone ;

Soft music trembling in thine every tone,
Calm beauty resting on thy girlish brows.
Upon me steals an influence strong and sweet,
That seems to fill the air with murmurings
And whispered hints of deep and holy things,
And brings my soul in silence to thy feet.
Pure maiden heart, I fain would tell thee all,—
That oft-repeated tale that ne'er grows old —
How infinitely dear to me thou art !
Over thy clear brown eyes the white lids fall —
Nay, raise them, sweet, and let mine eyes be-
hold
Through those translucent depths thine un-
veiled heart !

Edward C. Fellowes.

XVIII.

A WISH.



WOULD I had the gift of song,
 To sing in limpid, flowing rhyme
 The feelings of the soul, which
 time
 Can but prolong.

I would I had the painter's art,
 To draw in deathless, changeless lines,
 Through which, in heavenly radiance, shines
 The living heart.

I would I had the sculptor's power,
 To chisel into breathing form
 The tender thoughts, which, rich and warm,
 Our lives endower.

No gift like these — alas ! — is mine,
 In simple, fading words must stand,
 Written as on the drifting sand,
 My love and thine.

Frank Ilsley Paradise.

CUPIDDE : HYS DIRGE.



*ALLEN Cupidde let all mourne,
While He to hys Tombe is Borne,
Of hys Power & Glory shorne.*

*Swaines, who Have hys sweete Dartes Felte !
Maydes, who to Hym ofte have Knelt !
Let all Humanynd deplore,
Cupidde never will reigne More.*

Plutus hath Usurped Hys throne :
Harshe & colde He rules Alone.
Now by *Wealthe* are Maytinges Made ;
Love by heavy Gold's out-weighed.
Sentiment is Gone & fled —
Greed & Gayne have come instead,
Now (in place of *Cupidde's shafts*)
Love 's evoked by *Bonds & Draftes* !

Ah, Miserie ! Ah, Lackaday !
Sweete was *Cupidde's Gentle fway*,
But He 's fallen. So must now
All to cruelle *Plutus* bow.

*Of Hys Power & Glory shorne,
While He to hys Tombe is Borne,
Fallen Cupidde let all mourne.*

Edward Boltwood.

XX.

THE POET-SOUL.

HENRY TIMROD, DIED OCTOBER 7, 1867.



E turned his face toward Death,
 stretched forth his arms
 To welcome him as if a bidden
 guest,
 Forgot the doubts and fears, the vague alarms
 Of darkness and the vast beyond,
 Until for comfort's sake a fond
 Consoling voice had whispered, "It is
 rest!"

Then looking back on Life, the book of years
 Lay open at the page of Love's bequest.
 Again he saw his youth, and coursing tears
 Between the closing eyelids crept,
 While low he murmured as he slept,
 "Ah, Love is dearer far than sweetest
 rest!"

Henry L. May.

XXI.

DOWN THE ROAD TO SALLY'S.



VER all the lonely way
Darkness is descending,
In the west the fading day
Swiftly now is ending.

Chorus : Fast and deep the shadows creep
O'er the hills and valleys,
Sun has set, nor moon as yet
Lights the road to Sally's.

Hasten on my bonny steed,
Though the shades be falling,
Well you know the road you speed,
Nor is night appalling.

Chorus : Be it night or daylight bright,
Ne'er the old mare dallies ;
Well she knows the way she goes
And the road to Sally's.

Down the road a lovely lass
Waits the coming rider,
Counts the moments as they pass,
Till I am beside her.

Chorus : Maiden fair with golden hair—
Sunshine with it dallies—
Waits for me, and her to see
I wind the road to Sally's.

She has eyes of tender blue,
Sweeter saw I never,
And her heart to me is true,
And will be forever.

Chorus : Sally's eyes are like the skies
When the sunlight rallies ;
How they 'll smile when this last mile
Ends the road to Sally's.

Charles Capron Marsh.



XXII.

THE PARTING.

A SONNET.



HEN shall we meet again? The
sadd'ning thought
Stole like a cloud athwart our joy-
ous love;

Seemed almost like a warning from above
For overmuch of joy and loving sought.
I could not, must not, lose her; thronging fears
Bedimmed fair Hope; my parchèd tongue for-
got

The saying a sad farewell it wished not.
I looked into her eyes all wet with tears,
But full of loving trust, no trace of doubt
Clouding their purity. I read my fate.
Fears chasèd fears away in utter rout;
For such a love defying age I 'd wait
Till Time itself, all wearied with its pace,
Restored her to my love, my fond embrace.

Robert Treat Platt.

XXIII.

REVERIE.

 H magic moon ! When through the shade
 Of giant elm boughs lightly swayed,
 A soft beam falls within my room,
 What memories lighten up the gloom,
 And every hidden nook invade.

• • • • •
 Idly we float ; the echoing glade
 Wafts back my dreamy serenade,
 Slow rises now through yon pine's plume
 The magic moon.

Her little soft white hand has strayed
 Into my brown palm's ambuscade.
 On her fair cheek the roses bloom ;
 Close to my face her breath's perfume ;
 Won at last is this rare sweet maid,
 Oh magic moon !

Harry L. Hamlin.

XXIV.

THE SINGER OF THE FATHERLAND.



FOR German land, the German sword,
The monarch's war call rang.
"For German land, the German
song,"
The German singer sang.
From mediæval Nuremberg,
From Wartburg's wood-girt rock,
From Antwerp's mighty fortress,
Where Henry's vassals flock,
From the Scheldt's fair, smiling meadows,
From Günther's fateful hall,
From winding Rhine's long, silver stream,
That laves the castles' wall,
He roused from time's long sleep once more
Those people of the past,
With verse to noble music set,
For ages yet to last.
With sweetest melodies he drew
The woods, and rippling streams,
The fresh'ning dawn, and twilight pale,
The fair moon's gentle beams.
In grandest harmonies he told
The struggles of the heart,

Those struggles in which all men live,
Till they from life must part.
He sang of noblest sacrifice,
Of love that never dies,
That when death stills the throbbing heart,
In memory treasured lies.

Roland Holt.



XXV.

ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD.



HE came and went — how, who shall
say ?
O mystery of mysteries !
As the gentle breeze of a summer's
day

Kisses the roses, and dies away
In the arms of the forest trees.

She came and went — and the face so bright
Is bathed in the light of a fairer day ;
Like a little candle, that throws its light
But for one brief moment throughout the
night,
She smiled — and passed away.

She came and went — and a little song
Is hushed on earth ; but the choirs above
Have caught the echo, and ages long
It shall live on the lips of a countless throng
In the radiant realm of Love.

Samuel N. Pond.

XXVI.

BESS AND I.



N the summer weather,
Hot and dry,
Went together sailing
Bess and I.

Bright the moon was shining,
Full and high,
As we sailed together,
Bess and I.

'T was a lover's Eden,
No one nigh,
Just we two together,
Bess and I.

Bessie clasped the tiller,
Sweet and shy,
So we steered together,
Bess and I.

• • • •
White our hair as snow-flakes
From the sky ;
Still we steer together,
Bess and I.

Charles Capron Marsh.

XXVII.

THE THREE SEASONS.

SPRING.



HE scent of apple-blossoms filled
the air,
Distinct, yet gentle, like a child's low
prayer
At eventime,
They say the angels need not bend to hear
From their sublime
White silence; orchards curved to left and
right,
The robins chattered of their coming brood,
And underneath an arch of pink and white
The spirit of the apple-blossoms stood;
One branch deep-dewed and gemlike seemed
to hover
A waving pendant, like a blessing, over.
Ah heart, our own dreams were too sweet
For us to break with alien feet
On dreams of one so made complete
For dreaming, or to longer wait.
We feel as though we desecrate
Who linger long at heaven's gate
Unfit to enter. And I turned to go

With breath drawn strangely tight and foot-
steps slow
Across the brooks that thread the fields below.

SUMMER.

Oh hills that rise to meet the morn !
Oh calm, strong winds that bear along
The rustling laughter of the corn,
And summer's tender stream of song ;
Ye draw from harps of thousand strings
A dreamy rush of murmurings.
I used to think that love would be
A pleasant garden, fair and free ;
It seems a temple now, a place
Abroad whose stillness floats a face
Illumed for some strange destiny.
Last night we watched the sun go down,
And over all the land was thrown
His parting blessing. In the air
There lingered something only there
At sunset, and beneath it bloomed
The flower whose birth the spring perfumed.
Ah, Heaven bless, dear love, his name
Who wrote within thine eyes, " Je t'aime."

AUTUMN.

Dead ! In the flush of her warm morning
dead !

Gone like a drop that pauses on the eaves
And shines and falls. All night about my
head
Like driven leaves

The weary words of burial float, and all
The world is buried, grim with mould and
rust.

“Ashes to ashes,”—on my ear they fall,
And “dust to dust.”

In the flushed spring the apple-blossoms saw
Love’s wondering eyes unfolding to the light.
Now Autumn’s withered leaves the curtains
draw

On love’s good-night.

Last night I thought her spirit spoke to me
In the sweet dawnlight that precedes the day,
A sound that touched the silence tenderly
And passed away

In a dim roll of voices. Everywhere
Fainter and fainter yet they seemed to say,
Between the closing windows of the air,
“Take heart and pray.”

“Take heart and pray.” Ah, I believe in
prayer,

The silent yearning prayer that no man hears,
That rises to the mercy-seat, and there
Sits down in tears.

Sweet spirit ! if in holy calm thine ears
Can hear through various noises, thine eyes
see
Across this weary wilderness of years,
Oh, watch o'er me !

Change my wild grief to something more like
thee ;
Oh, heal my doubts that rise and call aloud,
And beat against these forms of mystery
And shapes of cloud !

Arthur Willis Colton.



XXVIII.

MARGUERITE.

 T evening-time she passed the scent-
ed garden-walks,
I watched her from the shadow;
on her yellow hair,
Her fair young face, and slender form the
moonlight fell,
And wrapped her in its mantle with loving,
perfect care.

And as she walked she sang. So pure, so
white she seemed,
Methought she was the spirit of the pensive,
moonlit night,
Like it ethereal, doomed with it to fade away,
And vanish utterly at day's approaching
light.

Amasa Day Chaffee.



XXIX.

VANITAS.



ERRILY, thoughtlessly, on through
the mazes !
Feet lightly tripping to melody's
flow ;
Priestly indulgence and bard's honeyed
phrases,
Dimming the lofty and gilding the low ;
Stars are forgot in the lamps' grosser glow.

Dies the dance, and tinkling glasses
Lily hands are lifting high ; —
'Neath the walls a figure passes
Through the midnight reeling by !
Ah, my lady's robe is costly,
Proudly sweeps my lady's train, —
In a chill and barren attic
Wasted hands and wearied brain
Rest to-night, while orphans' sorrow
Bathes a face life-carved with pain !

Hark ! I hear His cry of anguish
Whom the sins of Time oppressed,
When the shuddering sun was darkened

As the head bowed on the breast ;
And I turn, — and lo, His slayers,
Whirling through a life of jest !
While the “followers” of the Lowly
Throng the revels of the high,
And the thought is bound to baubles
That was destined for the sky !

Still the heartless swell the chorus
Of the mockery of glee ;
Still unheeded rise the groanings
Of a cursed humanity ;
But the sobbing wind is creeping
Where the plumes of cypress wave,
And the ghastly fair are sleeping
In the loveless, songless grave.

Francis T. Brown.



XXX.

BOATING SONG.

 H, life is fair when the eyes are bright,
 And the heart is strong, I trow ;
 But day is followed by depths of
 night,
 Then merrily heave, ye ho !

Oh, sweet is death when the hair turns gray,
 And the pulse grows weak and slow ;
 For night is followed by golden day,
 Then merrily heave, ye ho !

Albert M. Freeman.



XXXI.

LILIES.



THE tall and stately lilies,
How they blossom in our gardens,
And along the pleasant waysides
Where the asters nod and bow,
Making many a sunny corner
All resplendent with their glow.

Tall and fierce the tiger lilies,
Seeming dark and sunburnt Paynims,
Ever whispering of the Southland
Where the sun-kissed breezes blow,
Telling of the rich pomegranates,
And the lotus bending low.

Fair and bright the wayside lilies,
Lifting chalices of gleaming,
Ruby tints, and wet with dew,
Guarded by the tall and sombre
Fern fronds, drawn up without number,
Henchmen silent, strong, and true.

Sweet and lowly are the lilies,
Modest lilies of the valley,

Springing up beside the footpaths
Midst the busy haunts of men,
With their fragrance like the breathing
Of a spirit saint in pain.

Pure and white the Easter lilies,
Emblem fit of life immortal,
Symbol of the resurrection,
And the hope which all men keep;
Bringing to us some dim shadow
Of the Future vast and deep.

H. S. Mathewson.



XXXII.

AN INSCRIPTION.



WOMAN in weeds passed under a
crumbling archway gray,
Whereon was writ: "Till day doth
break and shadows flee away."
She thought on hands of wax,
On moulding curls of flax,
And said: "My heart is breaking like the
stone of the archway gray,
When will the dawning come and the shadows
flee away?"

Henry L. May.



XXXIII.

THE TWO ARCHERS.



EARIED with endless rambling,
 The little archer laid
 Himself among the mosses
 That grew in the willow shade ;
 Too weary to think, ere he slumbered,
 That the arbor in which he lay
 Was the realm where a sterner Archer
 That we call Death, held sway.
 So the archer slept, while the evening
 Pursued the day as it fled,
 And the night pursued the evening,
 Till the morning sky grew red.

Then he woke from his dreamless slumber,
 And hastened to speed away ;
 But his arrows had slipped from their quiver,
 And among the moss they lay,
 Scattered among Death's arrows,
 Which he carelessly took from the heath,
 And together they lay in his quiver —
 The arrows of Love and Death.
 And Death gathered up Love's arrows,
 So this is the reason why
 The aged will fall in love, while
 Those that are younger will die.

F. W. Hart.

XXXIV.

TWILIGHT.



HE light is softly waning,
The day has sought her rest,
And gone to sleep on the ocean
Like a babe on its mother's breast.

Night's dim and weeping shadows
Have followed the blood-red sun ;
The lamps in the houses of Heaven
Are lighted one by one.

William McCormick.



XXXV.

TO OMAR KHAYYÂM.



H Omar ! through the years thy song
 has come,
 With its strange sorrow and its bit-
 terness,
 To many a soul rebelling 'gainst its pain,
 And it has cried with thee "God doth not
 live,
 Or if he doth there is no love in him
 Who putteth poison in his creature's cup
 Yet ever sends him parchèd thirst; and sets
 The fruits of pleasure by his side, and says
 'If thou dost eat, thou art forever damned ' ;
 Yet gives him hunger more than he can bear.
 There is no God — no other world than
 this, —
 And I will drink and sleep — forget the pain —
 And while the thick wine holds my spirit
 thralled
 I 'll gain the only paradise there is."
 Thus, many souls hast thou made treason-
 stained
 Against their Maker ; yet because thou wert
 A faithful seeker for him in thy youth,

And only down-crushed by thy lot didst raise
Rebellious voice against him, thou shalt know
The boundless mercy of a Father God
Sitting in judgment on a wayward son.

Harold Russell Griffith.



XXXVI.

A RETROSPECT.



ED and round the evening sun was
sinking from the sky,
And down the stony mountain path
we wandered you and I,
You promised that your love for me should
like the mountains be,
The mountains, from whose changeless peaks
the storm clouds broken flee.

And now the roll of passing years recalls that
summer scene ; —
The rushing mountain torrent, the lofty peaks
serene ;
Now your vows of love are broken, and my
heart is strangely cold,
But the lofty mountain summits keep their
places as of old.

J. W. Broatch.

XXXVII.

TIME'S FORELOCK.



NEVER noticed Rose was fair,
In spring-time days,
But somehow in the mellow air,
The robin's lays
Seemed sung with wondrous care.

I never gave her face a look,
Until she bent
To pluck a cowslip by the brook;
Ah, then I lent
An eye a moment from my book.

I never guessed her arm was white,
Or cared for that.
But once her sleeve let in the light, —
There dimples sat,
And still I did not when I might.

Henry L. May.



XXXVIII.

NEW YEAR'S EVE.



N New Year's eve the falling snow
Crowns the dead face so white with
 woe ;
The swaying trees, all gaunt and
 bare,
Chant dirges in the midnight air,
With mournful music breathing slow.

Life's ashes lose their ruddy glow,
The pulsing blood forgets to flow,
The brows a wreath of cypress wear
 On New Year's eve.

Great deep-voiced bells are sobbing low —
But hark ! their peals triumphant grow.
Forth from the shadow of despair
Youth leaps in resurrection fair !
The cloud is followed by the bow
 On New Year's eve.

William Lyon Phelps.

XXXIX.

MISJUDGED.



THINK not, when my words seem
idle scorning,
There is no feeling hid beneath the
jest ;
For flippant words are often but a curtain,
To veil the thoughts that lurk within my
breast.

I dare not voice the thoughts that rise unbid-
den,
They seem too sacred for another's gaze —
And if expressed they seem to lose their
beauty,
As drops of dew before the sun's bright
rays.

And so I strive to hide my better feelings,
And treasure them as misers treasure
gold ;
But you mistake the motive of my action,
And censure me as frivolous and cold.

Oh, stop and think, dear friend, ere you con-
demn me,
That truest worth makes not the greatest
show;
That often when we mortals sit in judgment,
We mortals err,—because we do not know.

Clarence G. Pell.



XL.

THE SONG OF SONGS.

A SONNET.



HE laughter-dimpled brook, the stern-browed wood,
 The slumbering mountain and the chafing sea,
 Cloud-foaming lake of air, bird minstrelsy,
 Wooed roses' sweets — each voice and form
 and mood
 Of Nature sang he ; sang, yet understood
 Only that, like his own, her pulses thrilled
 With rapture of abounding life ; why build
 On shadowy Faith ? Love came, and Passion's
 flood
 Swept his proud soul ; the secret of dark eyes
 Lent bliss to him, to all else meaning new,
 And Love he sang. Death came ; the
 dark eyes beamed
 A last farewell ; in crucial agonies
 He bowed and prayed — till lo ! strange
 light burst through
 The earth mist, and he sang of Life Re-deemed.

Francis T. Brown.

XL.

HAWTHORNE.

ALL sad from out the stern forbidding
gloom
And icy chill of Puritanic snows,
That crushed the heart and in the
bosom froze

The tender flower of love's eternal bloom,
To search the soul and all its depths illume

A master genius silently uprose,
As sweet as trailing arbutus that grows
Unseen and fills the air with its perfume.
And out into the spring-time warmth he leaned
Where fragrant breezes beat upon his face,
But deep within his heart ingrained was
traced

Of reverence, and reaching back he gleaned
Within the gloomy past all frost-enscreened,
And found a life athrob with tragic grace.

But yet the impress of those early years
Sank deep into his heart when, overblown
By murmurs of the gloomy pines, alone
He felt the spell of life, as one who hears
Within the darkness some stern voice and
fears

To answer; when, withal, the ceaseless
moan,

Ill-understood, of life's deep undertone
Seemed pouring on his soul its weight of tears.
And this sad music of the heart became

To him a tragic theme, whereon he turned
The pure Aurora-light of genius, learned
To thread its viewless walks, to hold the flame
Of hate and love within his hand, and tame
The mystery of passion there inurned.

Dreamlike beneath the calm and mellow glow
Of truth that overstreamed some viewless
scroll

From unseen sources to his waiting soul,
He wove his web of fancy, tossing slow
The shuttle of his genius to and fro,
And draped in graceful lines this classic
stole,

Like her who gives her robe the dual rôle
To hide and still reveal what throbs below.
And those dark visitants that thronged his
brain

Did never steal within his heart, anew
He read life's riddle, with so clear a view
That his reflections fall like astral rain
Across the verge of night, when shapes of
pain

Are seen against the evening's distant blue.

T. W. Buchanan.

XLII.

GOLDEN-ROD.



H Golden-rod, along the sunny lea,
 Where vines and creepers drape
 the lichenized wall,
 And tinkling sweet and low the
 waters fall
 And haste their onward course to join the sea ;
 Tell, Golden-rod, that secret tell to me,
 Whence comes the light upon thy taper tall,
 Which burns so long and yet so brilliantly
 With yellow flame ? Has it been thine to
 fall
 Upon that stone long sought by seers of old
 That turns, on touching it, each common
 thing
 Into the substance of pure glittering gold ?
 Or by some alchemy's soft whispering
 Hast learned, in summer radiance, how to
 hold
 Some of the sunshine for the autumn king ?

Lewis S. Haslam.



XLIIL.

A DIRGE.



HE stream softly soothes with monotonous song
The unbroken rest of the slumbering throng,
And it sings of the fate of the first and the last
In the years that shall come and the years
that are past ;
'T is forever the same as it hurries on by,
To live and to die, to live and to die !

Wide open, wide open, ye grim iron gates,
There waits at ye now one of royal estates,
But his splendors he bids an eternal adieu ;
He must pass through the gate, he can bring
nothing through,
For the river declares it, the hillsides reply,
To live and to die, to live and to die !

Wide open, wide open, ye gates of despair,
Of sinners the worst to the portal they bear,
And the bell as he enters tolls slowly too
late ;

'T is too late to repent and for aught save his
fate ;
And the river sweeps on with its terrible
cry,
To live and to die, to live and to die !

Wide open, wide open, ye gates of the blest,
Full many the years e'er he came to his rest,
And the years and his sorrows have bowed
the proud head :
He would go to his friends in the home of the
dead,
For the stream in its song tells how restful
they lie,
To live and to die, to live and to die !

The leaves thickly fall from the towering
trees,
The bountiful prey of the blustering breeze,
And a few are golden and many are brown
Of the leaves that fall from the maple trees
down ;
But together they lie, all withered and dry,
To live and to die, to live and to die !

The glory of earth is the fame of to-day,
The gloom of the grave is forever and aye,
And we know not what moments the sum-
mons contain

That is breathed in the stream's never-ending
refrain

To the rich and the poor, to the low and the
high,

To live and to die, to live and to die!

Charles Capron Marsh.



XLIV.

AT SUNSET.

 MAIDEN sat in her tower bright
In the red of the dying day,
And dreamt a dream, in the mellow
light,
Of a castle of gold in the clouds, where a
knight
Flashed his arms in the sun's last ray ;
For life is careless and hope is light
And youth is a blossom in May.

Again she sits in the waning light,
But the castle was gilded and vain ;
Her brave knight came, with his armor dight,
And kissed the dew from the rose so white,
Then galloped away again ;
For life is a shadow and death a night
And gladness the mocking of pain.

Francis C. Clarke.



XLV.

A TAVERN SONG.

MADRIGAL.



ITHOUT, it bleaklie sneweth,
And keen the north wind bloweth,
And here sit we, ignoring
Stern *Boreas* and his roaring.
With Quip and Laugh,
Our drink we quaff,
Old *Boreas* clean ignoring.

Wife men may do our *Thinking*,
We 'll bear their share of *Drinking*,
Let them despise our *Follie*,
We 'll be all blithe and jollie,
And crack our jest,
Nor Books molest,
Contented with our *Follie*.

For what can now lament he,
Who has of *Drink* a plentie,
Right heartie *Friends* to cheer him,

And a crackling *Fire* close near him ?
Let Fortune scowl,
Or Fate be foul,
He recks not — these will cheer him.

Edward Boltwood.



XLVI.

TWO PICTURES.

FAINT, gray twilight bursting out
of darkness,
A dimming, paling of Heaven's
watch-fires bright,

Dank, vaporous mists o'er vale and lowland
rolling,

Mountains and hills in forest vesture dight,
One burst of song from thousand throats out-
pouring

A lay of greeting to the nascent light,
Phœbus loud knocking at the Eastern portal —
Gone is the night!

A flood of crimson glory fast receding
In splendor from a distant Western shore,
A peaceful hush o'er Nature's fair face steal-
ing,

Grim Darkness stalking through some phan-
tom door,

Pale Luna's silver face high in the heavens,
Each flitting moment goldening more and
more,

The countless hosts of Heaven their watch-
fires lighting —
The day is o'er !

Samuel N. Pond.



XLVII.

THE SCOTTISH BARD.



GENTLE Burns, thy Muse since
long
Hath silent been in fields of song,
No more it chants those martial
strains,

Those sunny songs and sad refrains ;
But yet the swain his Jessie woos
While birks are wet with evening dews,
And, breathing vows in songs of thine,
Their hearts unite, their arms entwine.

When all thy sky was overcast,
And even faith was fading fast,
Thy genius scattered gems of song
With careless hand thy path along ;
But purer flights of mind we see,
And richer sheaves of poesy,
When Age thy fuller life should crown
With genial Peace and calm renown.

But, noble Bard, thy life was spent,
And sunk in gloom thy morning sun,
Long ere thy work of life was done ;

Yet, faithful hearts in reverence bent
Shall be thy lasting monument,
The guerdon thou hast won.

T. W. Buchanan.



XLVIII.

MANON LESCANT.

HE mottled moonlight flits from
cloud to cloud
And falls with noiseless touch on
dunes of sand,
It lightens all the crags, the hideous strand,
Where years ago, with bridal robe for shroud,
She lay oblivious to the sea-wail loud.
The white incarnate face her lover scanned,
Then knelt and strove again with bleeding
hand,
With fleshless finger-tips and heart deep-
bowed
To hollow forth a grave, to hide from sight
The mortal part of her whose warm, sweet
breath
Had lately told his heart the keen delight
Of woman's love. But when the sun beneath
The rising fog shone down from yonder
height,
It found him staring open-eyed at Death.

Henry L. May.

XLIX.

THE MORNING HYMN.



OFT forms of mist, that but a moment since
Enwrapped the darkling earth with dewy cloak,
Have fled before the dawn's magnificence,
Or hanging low in curling wreaths like smoke,
 All ruddy gleam.
Up leaps aloft, above the sleeping hills,
 In golden splendor clad, the burning sun.
A sweet, strong chorus through my casement thrills,
 And breaks in tuneful early orison
 Upon my dream,
Chanting a prayer to Him on high,
 In glad harmonious melody.

Father, Thou, who while we slumbered
 Shielded us from every ill,
Thou, whose holy hosts unnumbered
 Yield submission to thy will,

Now the gloomy hours of midnight,
Silent ghosts have glided past,
And to glorious golden daylight
Thou hast brought the world at last.

The clock is tolling the hour of six in the old
cathedral's spire,
And the tones of the great bronze bell keep
time with the song of the monkish
choir.

Lo, Thy splendor, Master holy,
Far exceeds the blazing sun,
Light our path, so dark and lowly,
Till our daily task be done.

Grant us joy this day and ever,
Fire with holy strength each breast;
Lord, our song shall be forever,
Thy will — Thine alone is best.

Low murmurs the hymn of the morning, faintly
its echoes fly,
Hover and float o'er the hill-tops, quiver and
tremble and die.

In shadowy hollows the notes find rest,
Yet still through the chambers of my brain
Rings echoing on forever a lingering musical
strain,

To me singing over and over the gladsome
sweet refrain,
“Thy will — Thine alone is best.”

And what though the glorious sun that herald-
ed the day
Obscured by blackening clouds sink darkly
down in the West;
I little care, if haply I can say
With tuneful heart, Thy will, O Lord, is best.

J. W. Broatch.



L.

THEN AND NOW.



N the clear, white mountain-tops
Springs the river of Human Life,
And reflects in its sparkling drops
The light of the moon and stars.

Now it flows through the desert land,
'Neath a dark and dreary cloud ;
And much of it sinks in the desert's sand,
And only a little is able to reach
The sea of Eternal Life.

Amasa Day Chaffee.



L.I.

THE MISSION OF THE NOTES.



OFTLY float with tender feeling,
As there ends the evening hymn,
Soothing notes, that sweetly stealing,
Linger in the twilight dim.
There are minors, there are majors,
In the chords that float away,
Where the sunbeams
Yield to star-gleams,
And the night contends with day.

Where there 's grief, and where there 's sadness,
Where there 's bitterness and woe,
Turning sorrow into gladness,
Swiftly through the airs they go.
There are lights and there are shadows,
Moments sad and moments bright;
Now there's sorrow,
But to-morrow
Smiles will put the tears to flight.

With melodious music singing,
Where there 's love, and concord reigns,
Sweet contentment ever bringing,
Wander forth their joyous strains.
Every joy and every blessing
Virtue claims for its reward,
Every pleasure,
Every treasure
Earth or Heaven can afford.

Charles Capron Marsh.



LII.

“O THOU THAT TOILEST.”



THOU that toilst day by day,
Forgetful of thine ease and rest,
'T is well if thou canst truly say,
“O Love, whatever is, is best ! ”

But I that let my purpose steal
Apart to slumber in the quest
Of truth, alas ! I cannot feel
With thee, whatever is, is best.

My soul would reach to higher things,
Finding this present all unblest,
And lift upon its upward wings
Above “ Whatever is, is best.”

Oh ! this the song the poet brings
From the rich treasures of his breast,
And this the song the poet sings, —
“ The best, and that alone, is best ! ”

Hubert Wetmore Wells.

LIII.

ATT^E LENTE.

I.



OME:Dayes:apaste:since:it:tvrned:
Lente,
Yt:Tymme:whanne:Mortals:may:re-
pente,
I:uowed:fm:Horses:I:wolde:flee,
&:studie:harde:til:presentlie.

II.

Ys:Morn:Dre:Friends:I:woke:me:late,
A:Lesson:yette:to:conne:I'll:state.
Ye:Trotte:was:sovghte:whanne:—Dire:Eunte!
I:recollected:it:was:lent.

Chester H. Keogh.



LIV.

AN AUGUST AFTERNOON.



HE sky's clear blue is veiled in
dreamy haze,
And lazily the snow-white clouds
glide by ;
The far-off mountains rise against the sky
In indistinct and dreamy browns and grays.
The nearer fields and pastures are ablaze
With royal golden-rod ; the roses die
With one last breath of incense, like a sigh
In memory of voluptuous July days.
There breathes a grateful stillness, made
more still
By every murmur of the bandit bees,
By all the corn-field's rustling symphonies,
And each pulsation of the sweet, low thrill
That floats at sunset from the maple trees,
Where sings in loneliness the whip-poor-will.

Frank Edward Wing.



LV.

A CONTRAST.

WO monks at evening bowed in
prayer,
And one was dark, and one was fair,
And one was stout, and one was
spare,
And one knelt on a cushion rare —
The other where the stones lay bare.

The sound of chanting floated in ;
The organ's solemn thunder rolled
From giant mouths with tongues of gold.
The sunset stole across the gloom,
And threw rich colors over all
From out the oriel, lighting wall
And aisle and marbled tomb ;
And on each silent bended head
A saintly aureole was shed.
But one, with self-complacent face,
Told listless aves on his beads ;
And one was weeping his sinful needs
And praying heaven's grace.

Francis C. Clarke.

LVI.

THE SEASONS' CHANGE.

SUMMER.



CROSS the brow of the summer's morn
 Where lilies lifted their faces white,
 With fairy foot-steps she danced along,
 My little maiden, my child of light.

A half-hushed murmur of dainty feet
 That on the clover seemed scarce to press,
 Where lightly bowing the grasses met
 And harebells cowered with shy caress.

The wind that passed with a summer's sigh
 And played in her locks so thoughtlessly,
 Knew not how fondly an angel's hand
 Had spun them into this golden band.

How smiles of sunshine and tears of rain
 Had fostered the rose of fairest hue
 That grew in her cheek, or how her eyes
 Had caught from the ether their lustrous blue.

But tell, if thou canst, ah, tell me why,
The tears of the flowers, cold drops of dew,
Like tears of mourners that sadly rue,
Are scattered so fast as she passes by.

AUTUMN.

But, lo ! the summer winds are hushed at last.
Again she wanders down the silent wold,
A tiny being in a world so vast,
Yet round her feet the woodland monarchs
cast
Their crowns of crimson and their lavish
gold.

The summer flowers have dried their tears of
dew
That oft were scattered as she hurried
past,
But autumn winds have dried the flowers too,
And blanched her cheeks of all their dainty
hue,
Like faded roses, tossed in Winter's blast.

WINTER.

The sound of winds through naked tree-tops
sighing
For sweeter songs that linger there no
more,
A robe of snow, o'er vale and mountain lying,
But whiter, colder yet, upon my door

The white crape flutters, — and within is weeping
For one sweet voice, whose music now is still,
Her eyelids closed, in endless slumbers sleeping,
Her pale lips parted, cold, with deathly chill.

Hide, hide, oh snows, beneath your own pure bosom
From eyes of strangers and the world, oh hold
Among earth's blighted flowers this purest blossom,
A stoléd lily with a crown of gold.

George H. Danforth.



LVII.

ACROSS THE STREET.



CROSS the street my vision strays,
To where the fading sunlight plays
Upon the pane, and where by
chance
Fair Alice, reading a romance,
Is sitting in the golden rays.

Alas ! no heed to me she pays,
And all my tricks to lure her gaze
Are vain. She will not even glance
Across the street.

But while the day, fast closing, stays,
And twilight tinges all with haze,
I 'll wait and watch her countenance.

Ah ! she has seen me ; even once
Has "tossed a kiss" (in Cupid's phrase)
Across the street.

Harold A. Richmond.

LVIII.

THE CASTLE BY THE SEA.

FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.



AST thou seen that lofty castle,
 That castle by the sea ?
 In gold and rose tints o'er it
 The clouds float gorgeously.

“ Sometimes it, bending, boweth
 To the glassy wave below ;
 Sometimes it soareth upward,
 In the summer evening's glow.”

“ Well have I seen that castle
 By the restless ocean's side,
 And the stately moon above it,
 And the blue mists floating wide.”

“ Did the wind and the heaving ocean,
 Sound fresh and cool and clear ?
 Did the minstrel's song through the casement
 Steal out to thy ravished ear ? ”

“ Alas ! the wind and the billows
 Lay hushed on the quiet sea ;

And to the dirge of the minstrel
I listened tearfully."

" Sawest thou pacing above thee
Thy sovereign and his queen,
The glitter of gold and jewels
And the scarlet mantle's sheen ?

" Were they leading with pride and wonder,
A lovely maiden there,
Bright as the morning sunbeam
When it falls on her golden hair ? "

" I saw both the stately parents
But no gold or jewels rare ;
In mourning robes they wandered, —
And I saw no maiden fair."

C. F. Small.



LIX.

TWO BLOSSOMS.



O you want a rare rose for your hair,
And will red contrast with the
brown?

Ah, Bess, as you stand on the stair
You are fit as a queen for her crown.

But I think of a timid white rose,
Nestling pure in folds of lace,
I remember a life at its close,
And a sweet, dead woman's face.

Henry L. May.



LX.

ARBUTUS.



HEN the snows with daily grieving,
wasted thin, are scant of tears,
When the heart in each to-morrow
seeks again the Hope of years,

When the Robin from the maple sends a
message east and west
For the sun to shine more brightly since he
shines upon his nest,

Then I know where, ever waiting, smiles a
hillside, bending low
Tenderly to hold its treasures where the
warmer breezes blow.

There are jewels past comparing; pure of
heart, ye only may
Find the fullness of their beauty bright'ning
towards the Perfect Day.

Bert F. Case.

LXI.

THE CHOICE: A DREAM.



F I might steal one kiss — and kissing, die,
 E'en with the touch of your soft lips on mine,
 Or live — with love entombed — eternally,
 To be a peer with all the powers divine,
 To gird the mighty globe in magic ships,
 To learn the lore of nations yet unknown —
 To lose that warm kiss on my freezing lips !
 I choose for love : let love for life atone.

For what is life when throbbing love has fled ?
 And what is death beyond a tolling bell ?
 Apart from you my soul is doubly dead,
 And death-in-life is an eternal hell.

I woke — and felt a strange and sudden thrill ;
 For I may kiss you and possess you still.

William Lyon Phelps.

LXII.

THE OLD YEAR.



NOTHER Print in Life's shifting
sands,
Another Shortening of Earth's
frail bands.

Another Present merged into the Past
Another "Some day" come at last.

A Voice that the waves of time have stilled,
A Wish that the months left unfulfilled.

A Joy that bloomed with Summer's flowers,
A Sorrow that shadowed her fleeting hours.

A Tale that has passed from the lips of men,
An Echo of something that "might have
been."

A Song that in silence has softly flown,
A Prayer that has reached the eternal throne.

A Whisper far down the halls of Time,
A broken Fragment of faltering rhyme.

A Store-house of bygone hopes and fears —
So come and vanish the passing years.

Samuel N. Pond.



LXIII.

SONGS OF THE RAIN.

I.

THE STORM.



E knew by the shadows the storm
 was near,
We knew by the motionless hush
 in the air,
And the swallows that slanted their wings in
 fear,
High up in the great sun's yellow stare.

Swiftly it crept from hill to hill,
 And the darks were shot with a thousand
 lines ;
A robin lit on the window-sill,
 And fled wild-eyed to the sheltering pines.

II.

AFTERWARDS.

Spirits of mist
Your wet wreaths untwist,
And gather your robes from the feet of the
 hills.

The sun shines for aye,
But it rains when it may,
And the robins are shaking the drops from
their bills.

And lo ! the sweet day paused against the sky
And flushed its warm good-night and passed
away.
The wind dropped breathing like a slumber-
sigh
For a lost dream's mysterious decay.

III.

WEATHER.

It 's bright to-day and the rose is sweet,
That taps its head at her window-seat,
The birds do sing and the maples fling
Their dancing shadows across the street ;
But my lady is cross and I sit apart,
With the sun on my cheek and a cloud on my
heart.

To-morrow it rains and the rose is wet,
But a touch of my lady's lips have set
The beat of the rain to a magic tune,
And the good-bye comes too soon, too soon.

Arthur Willis Colton.

LXIV.

AUF WIEDERSEHEN.



PRESSED her hand at parting,
 lightly spoke,
 As one speaks when his heart is
 over-full
 For utterance: how bare and cold seemed
 Those old phrases: "Till we meet again"—
 But mocks the dull impotence of pain.

Ah ! love is blind, or why could not I read
 The message that her tender downcast face
 In fleeting blushes told so very plain ?
 I turned and passed into the star-lit night
 Never so dark before, so void of light.

H. S. Mathewson.



LXV.

CHRISTMAS-TIDE.



NE sweetly solemn thought." The entuned words had ceased to flow, the singer's voice was hushed,
 As out through crowded doors we passed with faces warm and flushed,
 Out into Nature's boundless arched domain,
 The realm of goodness, beauty's reign.

The singer's voice was hushed;
 But with unending sweet cadence the sentiment my heart had filled
 With love and awe for the Maker; and the Universe, now stilled,
 Aided me gently in my golden thought
 Of Him whose glad birth peace hath bought.
 This was the sweetly solemn thought the song had brought to me.

Samuel Knight.



LXVI.

NIGHT.



THE slumbrous night broods over
thee, O Earth !
On thy broad mother-bosom shad-
ows sleep ;
Hushed now the din of day ; the veiled
hours creep
Back toward Eternity, that gave them birth
To ease our weight of sorrow. Ah, the
dearth
Of life but for this respite ! Glad the leap
Into thy waters, Lethe, as they sweep
Onward to brief oblivion. Joy and mirth
Return again in dreams of days agone,
When on the world we looked with
fresher eyes,
And saw no evil, since we sought for none.
But lo ! the sombre fringes of the dawn,
Glowing with sudden orient splendor,
rise ;
Another night is past, a day begun.

Harry L. Hamlin.

LXVII.

AT LAST.



HEN hoary Time has garnered all
his sheaves
He bears them hence, and with his
golden key
He locks them in the storehouse of Eternity,
And Life's brown harvest-field is strewn with
leaves.

The Present melts into the dreamy Past,
The once bright sword is rusty in its sheath,
The victor's brow is decked with laurel
wreath,
And Life's long, stormy conflict ends at last.

Arthur E. Jenks.



LXVIII.

AESTAS.

N untold wealth of golden hair,
 A fathomless depth in those eyes
 of blue,
 A childish face as sweetly fair
 As ever fancy framed in air
 Or the brush of an artist drew.

Bright golden summer at length is past,
 And faded autumn's close draws near;
 The spoils of the moaning winds fall fast,
 But a deeper gloom on our hearts is cast
 Than comes with the heralded death of the
 year.

'T is only a little new-turned heap,
 A lowly grave, all brown and bare;
 Yet o'er it many heart-vigil keep,
 And sigh, " Not alone she lieth asleep,
 For our smiles and our songs are buried
 there."

Alas for the silence where late was mirth !
 Alas for the mother's heart half riven,

For the vacant seat beside the hearth,
For the loving spirit less on earth,
But not — for the angel more in heaven !

Francis T. Brown.



LXIX.

ADVERSITY.



SAW a boulder huge and hard,
Worn by the storm and lightning-
scarred ;
Across its breast deep rifts were
made,

Wherein the fertile soil had strayed :
And flowers had there found root and bloom,
Freighting the air with sweet perfume : —
So many a heart — hard as that rock,
Stands till some mighty sorrow's shock
Rives it asunder : soft and still
There comes the calm submissive will —
That fertile soil whence ever rise
The flowers of love, self-sacrifice,
Tearful compassion, tenderness,
And charity, to cheer and bless.

Gordon B. Pike.



LXX.

THE YEAR'S CLOSE.



HAT bring the years ? They come
 and go like leaves
 Which autumn winds drive through
 the frosty air
 Tossing them far and wide ; while cold and
 bare
 The trees stretch out their arms like one who
 grieves.

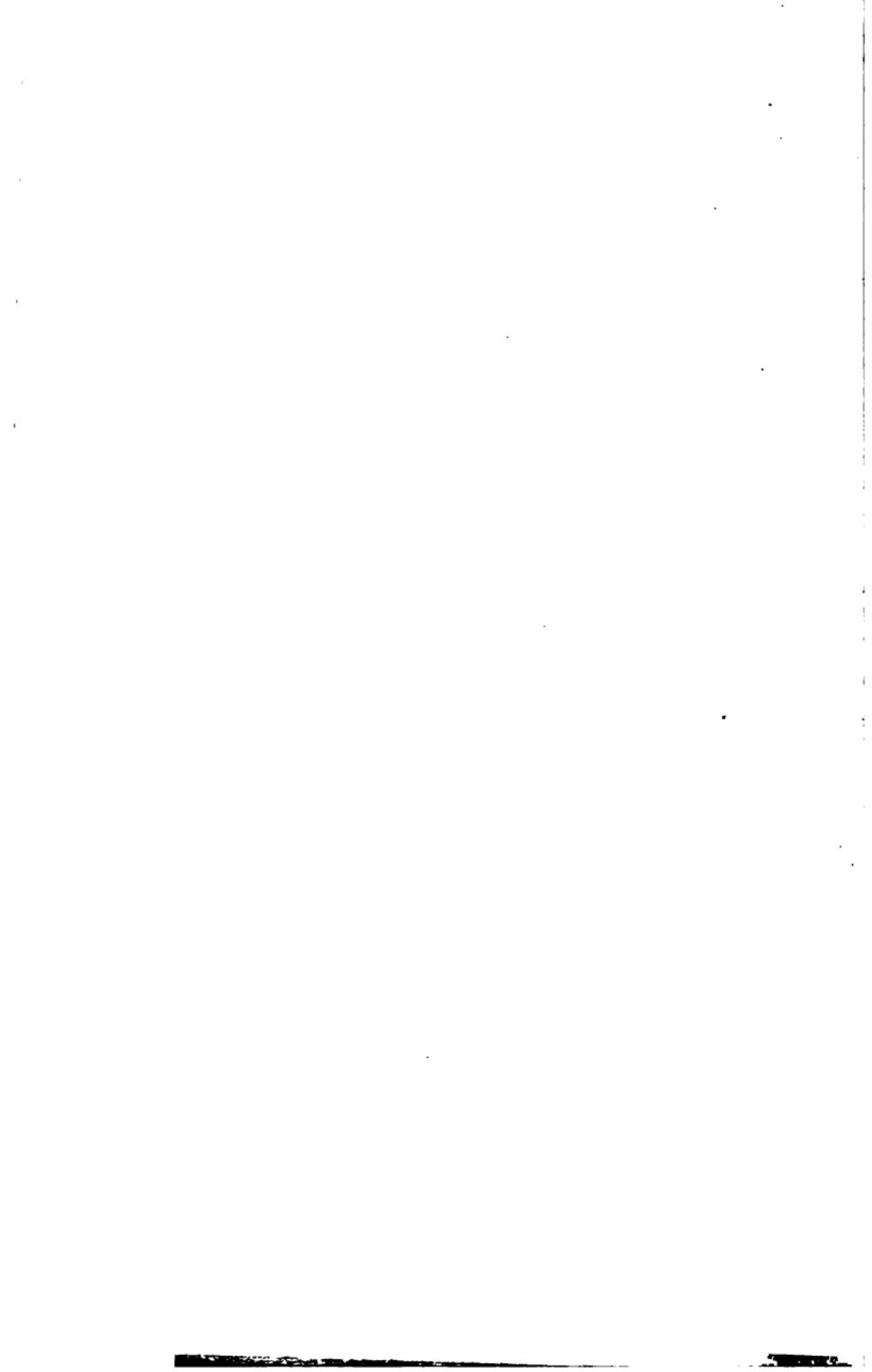
For children lost ; and mourn on stormy eves
 Like one who shrives his soul in piteous
 prayer
 And humble murmuring. Thus stand we
 where
 The years lie scattered ; and we miss the
 sheaves.

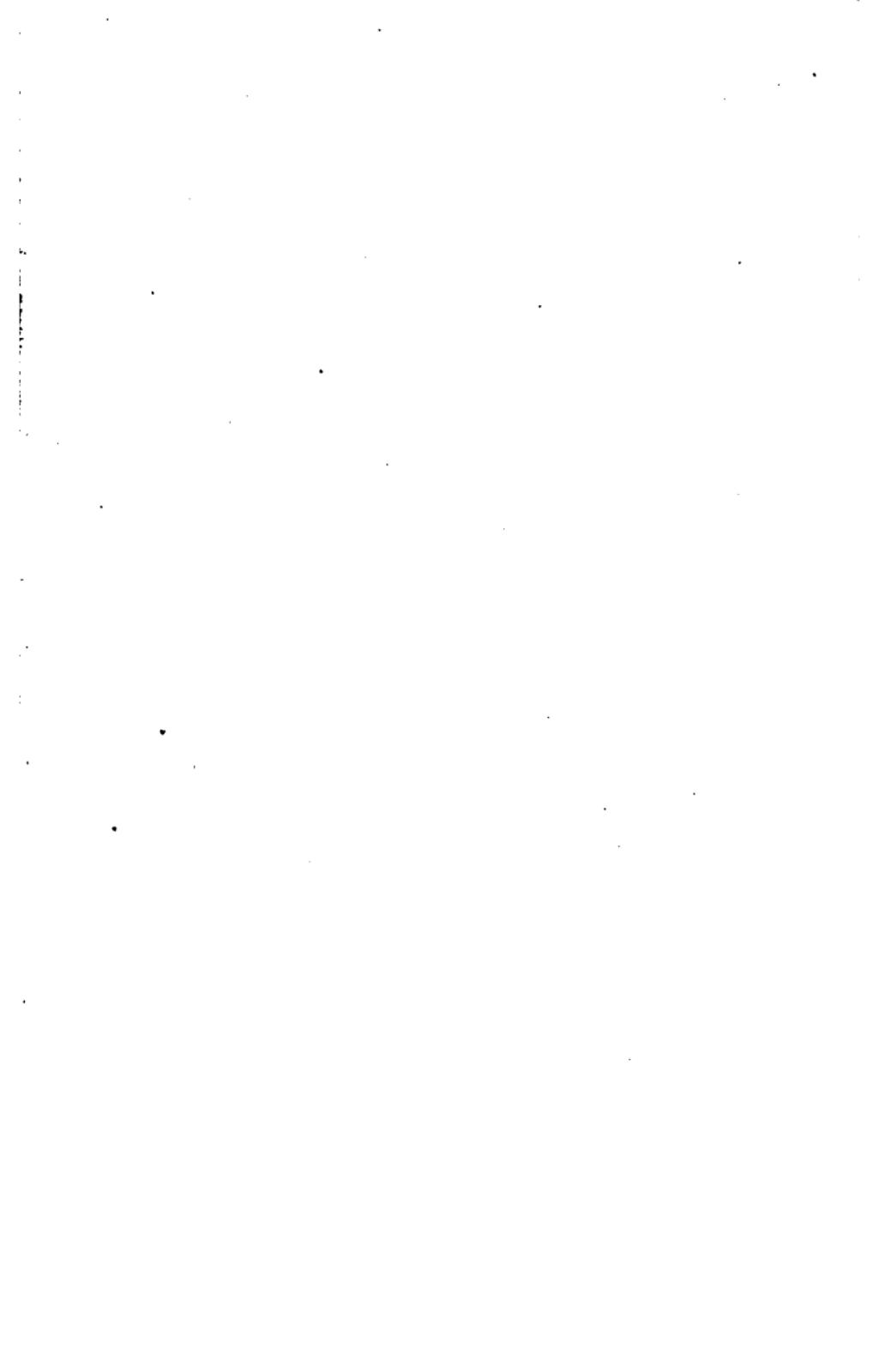
Upon the face of earth's broad harvest fields
 The leaves are trodden in the dust and
 mire, —
 Enrich the earth — and golden fruitage yields

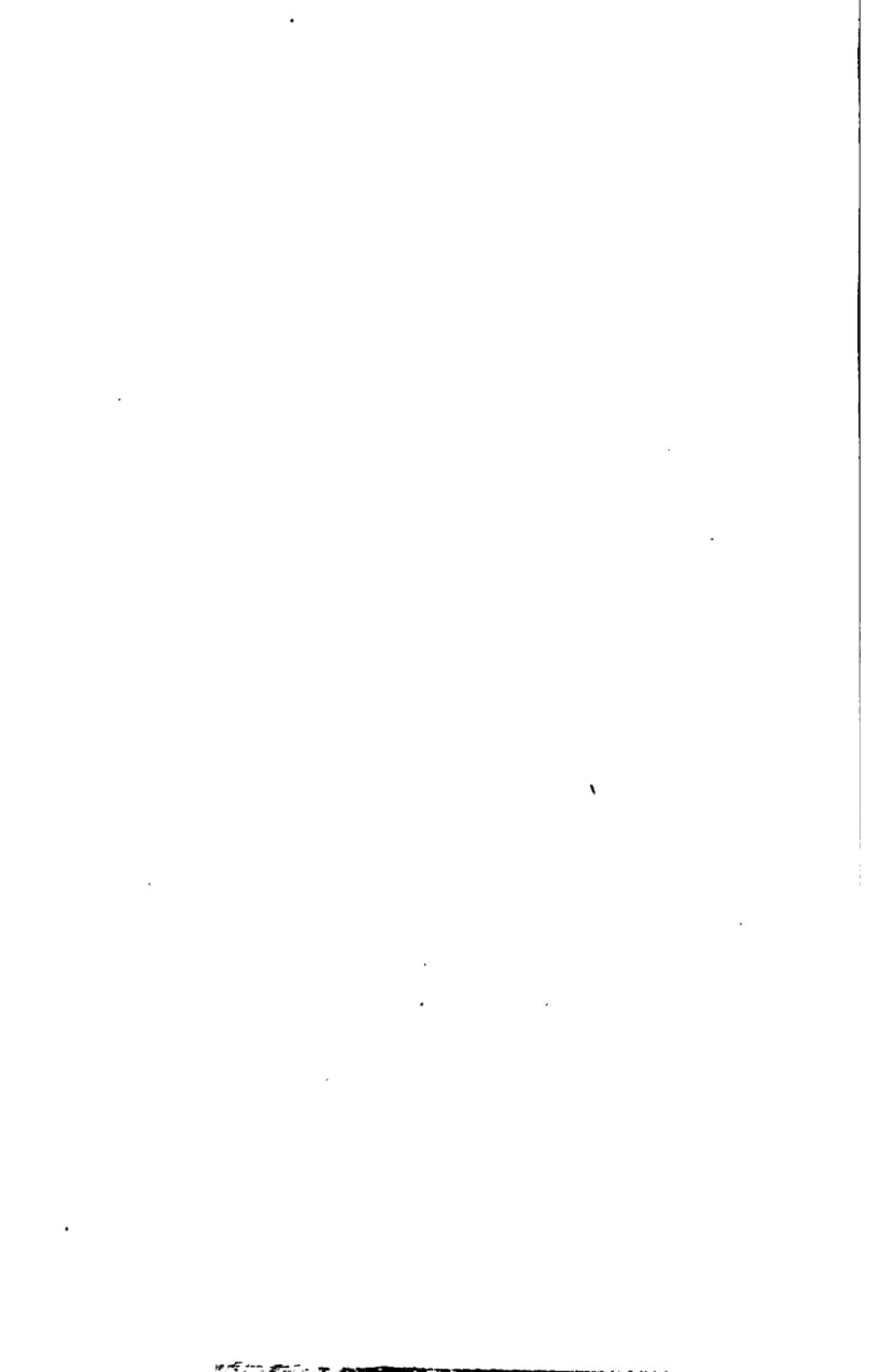
The mellow soil, when summer warmth is
past.
Thus is life served, as youthful days expire,
And each new year is richer than the last.
Frank Ilsley Paradise.











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